



VOL. IV. | D. C. DENSMORE,
PUBLISHER |

NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., NOV. 1, 1879.

125 PER ANNUM.
IN ADVANCE.

NO. 21.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, formerly issued from No. 5
Dwight Street, Boston, Mass., will after this date be published
at *Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass.*, the
1st and 15th of each month.

SPIRIT L. JUDD PARDEE, Ed. or In-Chief.

" D. K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

Price yearly, \$1.65 in advance.
Six months, .53 "
Three months, .42 "
Single copies, .08 "

The above rates include postage. Specimen copies sent free
on application at this office.

All letters and communications (to receive attention) must
be directed, (postpaid), as above, to D. C. DENSMORE, Pub-
lisher.

LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

NATURE.

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

SOPH'NING, fading dyes that changing come and go,
At Antonin sunset's litful hour of beauteous glow,
When frost-nipped leaves blaze with a hectic flame,
Are Nature's eloquence no words can frame.

And her silent footstep through creation treads,
When night sets forth a train of darkest gloomy shades,
And twinkling grandeur of God's world-gemmed grace
Sublimely shines throughout deep stellar space.

How her tender breathings lend attraction's charms,
As heart to fiery heart's incessant pledge-word warms;
Light blinding light streams in to mazes vast,
Where only thought aspires to knowledge taste.

Zephyr stillly rising from some dewy flower,
Most sensitive to catch the tiny, pleasant power
Of fresh heaven-lent beams on morning's ray,
With pure joys leap like souls that praise and pray.

Nature's golden threads apan from eternal law
In twilight's dusky shades and morning's rosy glow,
Like weave tinted mista for clouds of gray,
That float to bles the earth both night and day.

Nature's honest self thrills every human life,
Responding throb with throb for every wish and strife;
Breast feels for breast in bitterest pangs of grief,
Joy laughs with joy for seasons long or brief.

Fairst hopes that turned to mould'ring clods of dust—
Ah, sympathizers are we all for ruined trust!
What melting tones the mystic healing flings
On stricken wron;—"My heart hath broken strings."

Strengthening fragrance rises from hid blossoms bruised;
Some soul-tolt touch from minds the self-ti world accused
Sum Nature's fondest germs of sweet angelic love,
To break the soil, and sisters' hands unglove.

He whose pulses beat in every heart and star,
And fills the atoms in the balmy waving air,
Who lifts the shining dewdrops and the rain,
Palms sparkling gems, and vitalizes grain—

Source of Living Nature, owning nowhere death.
We listen for thy voice, the words thy Spirit saith:
And lo! we startle at high Nature's plan—
"God through his only Image speaks—through man."

Never wonder when man's ever-restless thought
Swims highest soul-sea tides by holy wisdom wrought,
Nor call him back from infinite desire
To learn his Father's will, aye calling "higher."

Nor check him when he seeks the truth to know
Of dear relationships who life-knit tie forego,
And vanish like a vapor from our sight;—
'Tis natural, O God, we ask for light.

Oh, Thou who deignest in thy wondrous boundless love
To lead us to the fountain-head above!
The marvellous gates swing wide on simple law,
We find our friends alive—death-shades withdraw.

Silent joy-awed nature in our beings burn,
Immortal Life's great book its natural pages turn;
We read in thought, in hill, and flowing plain,
"Nature dissolves but to revive again."

ELLIINGTON, N. Y., Oct. 10, 1879.

MESSAGE FROM ROBERT HARE TO DR. FAHNESTOCK.

[THROUGH DR. O., CONTINUED.]

DEAR DOCTOR,—You are fully aware that in the entire creation there is a gradual progression from one state or quality of existence to another; that is, there are no abrupt jumps, or, more correctly speaking, (as my friend Swedenborg would say,) no direct degrees. Take, as an example—in passing from vegetative to animal life you discover that the progression is so gradual that you can scarcely tell where the one ends or the other begins. You have the perfect vegetable, the zoophite, the various species of worms, until you arrive at the perfect vertebrated species.

Again, in passing from animals to man, you discover the same progression in the various tribes of monkeys, orang outangs, negroes, etc. You will perceive that the last connecting link in every series embraces in itself the nature of both the varieties it serves to connect, and has the power of the perpetuation of either species, dependent on the variety with which it copulates. Take up this thought and remember that man is the connecting link between animals and angels, between matter and Spirit, capable of living like animals in a physical world, of enjoying physical senses like animals, and at the same time being in virtue of his

Spiritual nature capable of living among Spiritual beings, enjoying their society, and in a word, even while in a physical body, being one of them: you inquire, How is this assimilation effected? Only remember your analogy, and you have the answer. If the communicating link in any series assumes the habitudes of the species above, it is gradually assimilated into that species; if the variety below, into that. (If the negro confines his propagation and mutual endowment to negroes, he remains a negro—if to the species above, his distinctive characteristics will ultimately be lost in assimilation.) Man by assuming the habitudes of the animal has lost his power of Spirit-realization. By assuming the habitudes of angels, this may be again resumed. "A word to the wise."

ROBERT HARE.

LANCASTER, Penn., Jan. 20, 1862.

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

SPOKEN AT STEVENSON, ALA., MAY 12, 1879, BY
EPICURUS, THRO' J. M. A. TO S. S. A.

[Silent letters rejected, but otherwise the spelling is mostly
after the common fashion.]

YES, we hav com to tak to yo. We wil not
be long. It is desirabl for yo to hav a hom-
plac rit awa, wher yo can rest for the Sumer,
and be preparing for the changes that ar likely
to com "befor the sno flis," (as tha sa in New
England.)

It is not esential that yo shud reman in the
South, unles yo so prefer. It is esential that
Jams shud meet and satisfy the influences that
hover over the central portion of the continent;
and at the sam tim be securing for himself and
yo a foothold in the West, if possibl and best—
and if not, then to secur means with which to
increas the facilitis for the development of the
group-idea in the Est. One or the other shud
be don quikly.

So far as the work of the kind now being don
is concernd, yo ar soon to be liberated—we trust
forever; but other work awats yo, ov a mor
practical, constructiv character, which ye wil
enter upon, when the rit tim coms, with curag.
fath and confidenc.

Yo ar at liberty to reman with yor husband.

and deal with the influences, local and political, ov this section, for a sesn longer; or to return at one Northward, and awat further developments. In ether cas, yo wil hav enuf to do, but wil be sustand from abov. "Tis necessary that Jams, at lest, shud push on.

Ther hav ben som' developments recently efected, among the Indians and in ther vicinity, (speking of the ertly,) which materialy modify the plan for action in the near futur, so far as tha ar concernd; and which wil render it impracticabl, we think, to imediately inaugurat group lif as yo wud wish, under our inspiration, in that section. It is necessary in the first plac to overcom the war spirit which has sprung up on both sids ov the lin, and to squelch the mamon spirit on the whit sid ov the lin, befor much can be don ov a practical, constructiv, pecful character, by yorselves or any one els.

Ther is too litl vitality ov resistanc within yo at the present tim, to meet redily and succesfuly much oposition; and yo ar liabl to hav mor or les—perhaps considerabl—in cas yo go forward thro the South as proposed. We wil control conditions so that yo wil be takn thro, if yo inak the attempt; but it mit be as wel to avoid a contingency, and pas to a point wher yo wil at lest hav a foothold which yo can cal yor own, whil preliminariis ar being aranged elswher, or means securd for transfering when practicabl the "Ark of the New Covenant" to its permanent abiding plac.

We reman, in any and al cases, yor devoted and fathful frends, protectors and gids. I spek as the mouthpec for the band, comprising many souls.

Your Brother Epicurus.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

DR. A. S. HUDSON'S CRITICISM OF SPEAR'S MODE OF CURE.

Editor Voice of Angels:

THERE was something prepossessing in the perusal of your observations on the magnetic treatment of diseases. They were published in the earlier numbers of the VOICE OF ANGELS. Your explanation of the fact of failure to cure some cases, in contrast with success in immediate relief of others, was consoling if not essentially scientific. It bore the likeness of sound philosophy.

But it occurs to me that Mr. Spear's crude contributions to the fair pages of the VOICE OF ANGELS are unworthy of print or perusal. They spoil good paper, and the little respect that even children have for drugs; that is, if children were to read his articles.

Mr. Spear prescribes sulphur, "if the cold taken causes a humor to turn on the stomach and bowels."

Now, Mr. Editor, his articles have given me a "cold," and the cold has caused a frigid humor. But instead of its having "turned on the stomach and bowels," and running off by the alimentary canal, it has turned to my fingers' ends, and is bent on running off the tip of my pen, "black as ink."

Mr. Spear kindly tells us what to do "if there

is a surplus of bile in the stomach." A cold may not be the best thing to take, even honestly; but really Mr. Spear's pathology is too distaste-ful to take on any terms. Pray, who knows when there is enough bile in the stomach? Can he tell when there is a surplus? Poor man! If he would consult Prof. Austin Flint, Jr., who has given the medical world all the positive knowledge we now have about the origin, course and composition of the bile, Mr. Spear would learn that the term "surplus of bile in the stomach" is without existence and without meaning. So when he prescribes for such surplus, he merely prescribes for a picture of his own imagination. This vulgar bilious business has been the pack donkey of medical pretence for more than a century.

Mr. Spear speaks of vegetable acids being useful to "dissolve the bile." How does he know the bile needs dissolving? Can he dissolve it, if he tries. The bile is not a solid capable of solution; it is a fluid substance, and is always dissolved. Can he dissolve water? Can he dissolve alcohol? No. These are solvents of other substances. So is bile.

We have all heard how intemperate people weaken water with liquor. But the water and the man are both hurt by the process. A Californian once practiced thirty years on a plan as original as that of Mr. Spear's. This man took brandy and water, which generally "turned on the stomach;" while he turned on his heel, whether he took cold or not. At length, when about to die of dropsy, he said, "The tide has turned against me, and I am tied to bed; the brandy is all gone, and left the water. I thought I was always careful to dilute the water, so it woold not hurt a body; but was mistaken. Never thought water so dangerous." There is a relish about the Californian's logic that eclipses that of Mr. Spear.

That I shall not be thought only capable of finding fault with others, I submit an item of medical advice, for the benefit of the professional readers of the little gem, the VOICE OF ANGELS. It is a plan for the treatment of inflammation of the tonsils, (quinsy,) and for diphtheria, which I believe is unknown to the profession. Have never printed it, though I have published it before our local medical society.

Quinsy, or *tonsilitis*, lasts from a few days to two or three weeks, and generally terminates in abscess. Medical literature offers no plan for cutting it short. The books say "it must run its course," and distress the sufferer the time above mentioned. My plan abates these inflammations in from eight to twelve hours, when the patient visibly begins to mend. The entire treatment is this:

Take of Norwood's tincture of *veratrum viride* fifty drops; sulphate morphia one and a half grains; mix with eight teaspoonfuls of water.

To an adult, give one teaspoonful every hour, till relief and perspiration are obtained. It is rare that eight doses are required. Dose for children one-fourth to one-eighth as much.

Six years of observation of the effects of this treatment, have not yet furnished me an instance of failure.

A. S. HUDSON, M. D.

[We have before referred to the wonderful effects of celery as a cure for rheumatism, in Medical Department of this paper; but as facts continue to multiply in its favor for that terrible disease, which nearly all are subject to at times, we thought best to impress upon the minds of our readers the importance of giving it a fair trial.—*Pub. V. of A.*]

CELERY A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

HE who has suffered from this terrible disease will be somewhat doubtful if there can be any sure cure for it. But physicians are now speaking very strongly of the use of celery as beneficial; and some of the English papers assure us that they have good medical authority for affirming that it is a certain cure if used properly. To be efficacious it must be cooked, not eaten raw, as is the usual custom. If taken uncooked, although a delightful addition to any meal, its curative qualities are never developed, and it is because its remarkable effect on such complaints has not been perceived. The celery should be cut into small pieces and boiled in a little water until soft, and the water should be used as a drink. Add sweet milk (new milk, if it is to be had) to the cooked celery. After the water has been drained off, thicken it with a little flour and nutmeg, or add some tomatoes; let it boil up till all are incorporated, and serve on hot toast. A physician (in England, we think) says he has many times put his rheumatic patients upon such a diet, and with unfailing success. Within the year we have often been treated with cooked celery, and find it excellent; and if found to be a cure for one of life's greatest enemies, it will stand pre-eminently above all other roots.—*Ex.*

BUTTERMILK AS A COSMETIC—Bathe the face in buttermilk, sour, of course. Take a soft rag, dip into a cup of buttermilk and wash every part of the face, neck and hands. If there has been a greater exposure to the sun than usual, after washing the face well, squeeze out the cloth and just wipe the skin off, and let it remain on without washing till morning. You will be astonished to see how soon the freckles and tan will disappear. For keeping the hands white and skin soft, there is nothing equal to buttermilk. When one gets burned with the hot sun, one or two bathings in buttermilk will cause the smarting to cease, take out the inflammation, and render it comfortable, quicker than any other remedy ever tried. There is something in the acid contained in the buttermilk that does the work. When one has stained fingers, with either berries, apples or nuts, it will remove the stains almost immediately. It is particularly cooling to the skin. You will never try any other lotion for beautifying the complexion, after using the buttermilk, if you can obtain that.

AN ICE POCKET—Make a double pocket of any kind of thick woollen cloth, with a space of two inches or so between the inner and outer pockets; fill the outside one with clean feathers. One thus made and kept closed at the top will keep ice for many days.

MEDICAL HINTS.

A good way to clean teeth is to dip the brush in water, rub it over genuine white castile soap, then dip in prepared chalk. A lady says, "I have been complimented upon the whiteness of my teeth, which were originally anything but white. I have used the soap constantly for two or three years, and the chalk for the last year. There is no danger of scratching the teeth, as the chalk is prepared, but with a good stiff brush and the soap it is as effectual as soap and sand on a floor."

NEW CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—For the benefit of sufferers from neuralgia, we give Edison's recipe for his polyform, as published in the *Drug Reporter*, a high medical authority: Chloroform, two ounces; chloral hydrate, two ounces; alcohol, one and a half ounces; camphor, one ounce; sulphuric ether, one ounce; sulphate morphine, six grains; oil peppermint, two drams. Shake thoroughly. For outward application only.

A CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.—A teaspoonful of castor oil to a teaspoonful of molasses. Give a teaspoonful of the mixture, whenever the cough is troublesome. It will afford relief at once, and in a few days will effect a cure. The same medicine relieves the croup, however violent the attack.

SPOTS on towels and hosiery will disappear if a little hartshorn is put into enough water to soak the articles, and they are left in it an hour or two before washing; and, if a cupful is put into the water in which the white clothes are soaked, the night before washing, the ease with which the articles can be washed, and their great whiteness and cleanliness when dried, will be very gratifying. Remembering the small sum paid for three quarts of hartshorn of common strength, one can easily see that no bleaching preparation can be more cheaply obtained.

To cure sore throat, pour a few drops of spirits of camphor on a lump of sugar, and allow it to dissolve in the mouth every hour. The third and fourth enables the patient to swallow with ease. This has cured in the last stages of the disease.

A small piece of chalk put in a pitcher of water, without imparting any taste whatever to the same, will yet exercise a corrective effect upon the stomach of any one afflicted with acidity, or heartburn, as it is familiarly called.

A teaspoonful of turpentine added to a pail of water will disinfect a sick room immediately, and will prove a powerful auxiliary against germs and bad odors.

Lemon juice pressed into a snake-bite wound, is said to be an antidote for the poison. Eating a lemon is also recommended.

The white of an egg will destroy the bitter taste of quinine, and render it palatable and acceptable to delicate stomachs.

Alum is the best cure for lead colic, and relieves the pain and nausea more certainly than any other remedy.

THE man who loves truth with all his heart, likewise loves those who suffer for the sake of truth.

THE USES OF SALT.—To be sure none of us can keep house without salt, and Mrs. Allright will say: "Who needs to be told of its uses? Of course we all know that it enters into the preparation of all animal and vegetable food; we cannot make butter without its use; we cannot keep meat, fish, pickles, etc. We don't need an article in the newspaper to tell us that." Softly, softly, Mrs. Allright. Doubtless you do know all its uses, but perhaps your next neighbor does not. Nor did you know until the other day, when you turned your inkstand all over your carpet, that it would take the stain entirely out of the woolen material.

It will also sometimes help sick headache. Dissolve a teaspoonful of it in half a tumbler of water, and try it for yourself the next time you are afflicted. The next dose will rid your child of the terrible trouble of worms, and it will also ease the pain of irritable diseases of the skin, such as hives, etc. It will stop vomiting frequently when all other remedies fail, and it will also stop hemorrhages from the lungs. There is no more fertilizing medium for the growth of many kind of vegetables; celery, cabbage, asparagus, sea-kale and many other varieties are all raised in a superior condition by its assistance. Add a teacupful of it to your warm water bath, and you will soon feel the benefit of its influence upon your skin. Indeed, we possess no more valuable remedial article than salt, and its uses are yearly developed in new ways.—*Corr. County Gent.*

THE USE OF LEMON.—There are three ways of making lemonade: To squeeze the juice into cold water—this is the shortest way; or to cut it in slices and let it soak in cold water; or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for a person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases; it is excellent in sickness. The pips, crushed, may also be mixed with sugar water, and used as a drink. We advise every one to rub the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon, instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable, also, to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it.

AN IVY, if kept in the house, will not flourish, unless the leaves are occasionally washed. Each plant leaf is full of pores or breathing tubes, which are closed if the plant is full of dust—thus injuring vigorous growth. Fifth avenue mansions are often almost covered with wisteria, which grow to a great height and very rapidly; living out well all winter. Red brick walls, at best, are unsightly, and the timely outlay of a trifling sum, in most cases, make them exceedingly attractive.

To acquire experience, we ourselves must smart.—*Sheridan.*

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

AMONG American poets of promise was Forceythe Willson. Born in Indiana in 1837, he died in 1867. He, too, was a psychometrist. He would take a letter, and, pressing it to his forehead, announced accurately the character and personal appearance of the writer. He, too, like Oberlin, professed to have interviews with his departed wife. There is a remarkable poem from his pen, entitled "The Voice," which seems to have reference to the fact. We quote the following passages:

"My soul to ecstasy was stirred;
It was a Voice that I had heard!
A thousand blissful times before,
But deemed that I should hear no more
Till I should have a Spirit's ear
And breathe another atmosphere. . . .

Where art thou, blessed Spirit, where,
Whose voice is drew upon the air?
I looked around me and above,
And cried aloud, 'Where art thou, Love?
Oh, let me see thy living eye,
And clasp thy living hand, or else!
Again upon the atmosphere
The self-same words fell, 'I am here!'

'Here? Thou art here, Love?'—'I am here.'
The echo died upon my ear! . . .
I looked around me everywhere,
But ah, there was no mortal there!
The moonlight was upon the earth,
And awe and wonder in my heart.

I saw no form!—I only felt
Heaven's peace upon me as I knelt,
And knew a Soul beatified
Was at that moment at my side."

Between Willson and a neighbor a coolness had arisen. But as Willson was about to leave town, the neighbor met him at the cars, and holding out his hand, said, "We must not part with a cloud between us." Willson grasped the proffered hand with emotion, and replied, "The good man within me told me to say to you just what you have said to me; but the devil would have conquered, I fear, if you had not spoken. We shall never meet again; for within six months I shall have joined my wife in the Land of the Hereafter."

The presentiment was accurate. Within four months he died.—*From "Planchette, or the Despair of Science."* Published by Roberts Brothers.

On the wild rose-tree
Many buds there be,
Yet each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.

Thou who wouldst be wise,
Open wide thine eyes—
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower!

—[Richard Watson Glider]

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

WILLOUGHBY, Ohio, Oct. 18, 1879.

MR. DENSMORE.—I am pleased to say that the message from May Hurd, through Miss M. T. Shellhamer, in the *Voice* for Oct. 1st, is correct in every particular, and I feel thankful for it. Hope to hear from her again.

Fraternally yours,

LUREBA HURD.

We need some rules, some established convictions; some opinions held firmly, if only as provisional opinions; some practical, working beliefs.

and deal with the influences, local and political, of this section, for a still longer; or to return at once Northward, and await further developments. In other cases, you will have enough to do, but will be sustained from above. 'Tis necessary that James, at least, should push on.

There have been some developments recently effected, among the Indians and in their vicinity, (speaking of the earthly,) which materially modify the plan for action in the near future, so far as that we are concerned; and which will render it impracticable, we think, to immediately inaugurate group life as you would wish, under our inspiration, in that section. It is necessary in the first place to overcome the war spirit which has sprung up on both sides of the line, and to squelch the manhood spirit on the white side of the line, before much can be done of a practical, constructive, peaceful character, by yourselves or any one else.

There is too little vitality or resistance within you at the present time, to meet readily and successfully much opposition; and you are liable to have more or less—perhaps considerable—in case you go forward thro the South as proposed. We will control conditions so that you will be taken through, if you make the attempt; but it must be as well to avoid a contingency, and pass to a point where you will at least have a foothold which you can call your own, while preliminaries are being arranged elsewhere, or means secured for transferring when practicable the "Ark of the New Covenant" to its permanent abiding place.

We remain, in any and all cases, your devoted and faithful friends, protectors and guides. I speak as the mouthpiece for the band, comprising many souls.

Your Brother Epicurus.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

DR. A. S. HUDSON'S CRITICISM OF SPEAR'S MODE OF CURE.

Editor Voice of Angels:

THERE was something prepossessing in the perusal of your observations on the magnetic treatment of diseases. They were published in the earlier numbers of the *VOICE OF ANGELS*. Your explanation of the fact of failure to cure some cases, in contrast with success in immediate relief of others, was consoling if not essentially scientific. It bore the likeness of sound philosophy.

But it occurs to me that Mr. Spear's crude contributions to the fair pages of the *VOICE OF ANGELS* are unworthy of print or perusal. They spoil good paper, and the little respect that even children have for drugs; that is, if children were to read his articles.

Mr. Spear prescribes sulphur, "if the cold taken causes a humor to turn on the stomach and bowels."

Now, Mr. Editor, his articles have given me a "cold," and the cold has caused a frigid humor. But instead of its having "turned on the stomach and bowels," and running off by the alimentary canal, it has turned to my fingers' ends, and is bent on running off the tip of my pen, "black as ink."

Mr. Spear kindly tells us what to do "if there

is a surplus of bile in the stomach." A cold may not be the best thing to take, even honestly; but really Mr. Spear's pathology is too distasteful to take on any terms. Pray, who knows when there is enough bile in the stomach? Can he tell when there is a surplus? Poor man! If he would consult Prof. Austin Flint, Jr., who has given the medical world all the positive knowledge we now have about the origin, course and composition of the bile, Mr. Spear would learn that the term "surplus of bile in the stomach" is without existence and without meaning. So when he prescribes for such surplus, he merely prescribes for a picture of his own imagination. This vulgar bilious business has been the pack donkey of medical pretence for more than a century.

Mr. Spear speaks of vegetable acids being useful to "dissolve the bile." How does he know the bile needs dissolving? Can he dissolve it, if he tries. The bile is not a solid capable of solution; it is a fluid substance, and is always dissolved. Can he dissolve water? Can he dissolve alcohol? No. These are solvents of other substances. So is bile.

We have all heard how intemperate people weaken water with liquor. But the water and the man are both hurt by the process. A Californian once practiced thirty years on a plan as original as that of Mr. Spear's. This man took brandy and water, which generally "turned on the stomach;" while he turned on his heel, whether he took cold or not. At length, when about to die of dropsy, he said, "The tide has turned against me, and I am tied to bed; the brandy is all gone, and left the water. I thought I was always careful to dilute the water, so it would not hurt a body; but was mistaken. Never thought water so dangerous." There is a relish about the Californian's logic that eclipses that of Mr. Spear.

That I shall not be thought only capable of finding fault with others, I submit an item of medical advice, for the benefit of the professional readers of the little gem, the *VOICE OF ANGELS*. It is a plan for the treatment of inflammation of the tonsils, (quinsy,) and for diphtheria, which I believe is unknown to the profession. Have never printed it, though I have published it before our local medical society.

Quinsy, or tonsilitis, lasts from a few days to two or three weeks, and generally terminates in absence. Medical literature offers no plan for cutting it short. The books say "it must run its course," and distress the sufferer the time above mentioned. My plan abates these inflammations in from eight to twelve hours, when the patient visibly begins to mend. The entire treatment is this:

Take of Norwood's tincture of *veratrum viride* sixty drops; sulphate morphia one and a half grains; mix with eight teaspoonfuls of water.

To an adult, give one teaspoonful every hour, till relief and perspiration are obtained. It is rare that eight doses are required. Dose for children one-fourth to one-eighth as much.

Six years of observation of the effects of this treatment, have not yet furnished me an instance of failure.

A. S. HUDSON, M. D.

[We have before referred to the wonderful effects of celery as a cure for rheumatism, in Medical Department of this paper; but we facts continue to multiply in its favor for that terrible disease, which nearly all are subject to at times, we thought best to impress upon the minds of our readers the importance of giving it a fair trial.—*Pub. V. of A.*]

CELERY A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

He who has suffered from this terrible disease will be somewhat doubtful if there can be any sure cure for it. But physicians are now speaking very strongly of the use of celery as beneficial; and some of the English papers assure us that they have good medical authority for affirming that it is a certain cure if used properly. To be efficacious it must be cooked, not eaten raw, as is the usual custom. If taken uncooked, although a delightful addition to any meal, its curative qualities are never developed, and it is because its remarkable effect on such complaints has not been perceived. The celery should be cut into small pieces and boiled in a little water until soft, and the water should be used as a drink. Add sweet milk (now milk, if it is to be had) to the cooked celery. After the water has been drained off, thicken it with a little flour and nutmeg, or add some tomatoes; let it boil up till all are incorporated, and serve on hot toast. A physician (in England, we think) says he has many times put his rheumatic patients upon such a diet, and with unfailing success. Within the year we have often been treated with cooked celery, and find it excellent; and if found to be a cure for one of life's greatest enemies, it will stand pre-eminently above all other roots.—*Ex.*

BUTTERMILK AS A COSMETIC—Bathe the face in buttermilk, sour, of course. Take a soft rag, dip into a cup of buttermilk and wash every part of the face, neck and hands. If there has been a greater exposure to the sun than usual, after washing the face well, squeeze out the cloth and just wipe the skin off, and let it remain on without washing till morning. You will be astonished to see how soon the freckles and tan will disappear. For keeping the hands white and skin soft, there is nothing equal to buttermilk. When one gets burned with the hot sun, one or two batheings in buttermilk will cure the smarting to cease, take out the inflammation, and render it comfortable, quicker than any other remedy ever tried. There is something in the acid contained in the buttermilk that does the work. When one has stained fingers, with either berries, apples or nuts, it will remove the stains almost immediately. It is particularly cooling to the skin. You will never try any other lotion for beautifying the complexion, after using the buttermilk, if you can obtain that.

AN ICE POCKET—Make a double pocket of any kind of thick woollen cloth, with a space of two inches or so between the inner and outer pockets; fill the outside one with clean feathers. One thus made and kept closed at the top will keep ice for many days.

MEDICAL HINTS.

A good way to clean teeth is to dip the brush in water, rub it over genuine white castile soap, then dip in prepared chalk. A lady says, "I have been complimented upon the whiteness of my teeth, which were originally anything but white. I have used the soap constantly for two or three years, and the chalk for the last year. There is no danger of scratching the teeth, as the chalk is prepared, but with a good stiff brush and the soap it is as effectual as soap and sand on a floor."

NEW CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—For the benefit of sufferers from neuralgia, we give Edison's recipe for his polyform, as published in the *Drug Reporter*, a high medical authority: Chloroform, two ounces; chloral hydrate, two ounces; alcohol, one and a half ounces; camphor, one ounce; sulphuric ether, one ounce; sulphate morphine, six grains; oil peppermint, two drams. Shake thoroughly. For outward application only.

A CURE FOR WHOOPING COUGH.—A teaspoonful of castor oil to a teaspoonful of molasses. Give a teaspoonful of the mixture, whenever the cough is troublesome. It will afford relief at once, and in a few days will effect a cure. The same medicine relieves the croup, however violent the attack.

SPOTS on towels and hosiery will disappear if a little hartshorn is put into enough water to soak the articles, and they are left in it an hour or two before washing; and, if a cupful is put into the water in which the white clothes are soaked, the night before washing, the ease with which the articles can be washed, and their great whiteness and cleanliness when dried, will be very gratifying. Remembering the small sum paid for three quarts of hartshorn of common strength, one can easily see that no bleaching preparation can be more cheaply obtained.

To cure sore throat, pour a few drops of spirits of camphor on a lump of sugar, and allow it to dissolve in the mouth every hour. The third and fourth enables the patient to swallow with ease. This has cured in the last stages of the disease.

A small piece of chalk put in a pitcher of water, without imparting any taste whatever to the same, will yet exercise a corrective effect upon the stomach of any one afflicted with acidity, or heartburn, as it is familiarly called.

A teaspoonful of turpentine added to a pail of water will disinfect a sick room immediately, and will prove a powerful auxiliary against germs and bad odors.

Lemon juice pressed into a snake-bite wound, is said to be an antidote for the poison. Eating a lemon is also recommended.

The white of an egg will destroy the bitter taste of quinine, and render it palatable and acceptable to delicate stomachs.

Alum is the best cure for lead colic, and relieves the pain and nausea more certainly than any other remedy.

THE man who loves truth with all his heart, likewise loves those who suffer for the sake of truth.

THE USE OF SALT.—To be sure none of us can keep house without salt, and Mrs. Allright will say: "Who needs to be told of its uses? Of course we all know that it enters into the preparation of all animal and vegetable food; we cannot make butter without its use; we cannot keep meat, fish, pickles, etc. We don't need an article in the newspaper to tell us that." Softly, softly, Mrs. Allright. Doubtless you do know all its uses, but perhaps your next neighbor does not. Nor did you know until the other day, when you turned your inkstand all over your carpet, that it would take the stain entirely out of the woolen material.

It will also sometimes help sick headache. Dissolve a teaspoonful of it in half a tumbler of water, and try it for yourself the next time you are afflicted. The next dose will rid your child of the terrible trouble of worms, and it will also ease the pain of irritable diseases of the skin, such as hives, etc. It will stop vomiting frequently when all other remedies fail, and it will also stop hemorrhages from the lungs. There is no more fertilizing medium for the growth of many kind of vegetables; celery, cabbage, asparagus, sea-kale and many other varieties are all raised in a superior condition by its assistance. Add a teacupful of it to your warm water bath, and you will soon feel the benefit of its influence upon your skin. Indeed, we possess no more valuable remedial article than salt, and its uses are yearly developed in new ways.—*Corr. County Gent.*

THE USE OF LEMON.—There are three ways of making lemonade: To squeeze the juice into cold water—this is the shortest way; or to cut it in slices and let it soak in cold water; or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for a person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases; it is excellent in sickness. The pips, crushed, may also be mixed with sugar water, and used as a drink. We advise every one to rub the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon, instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable, also, to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it.

AN IVY, if kept in the house, will not flourish, unless the leaves are occasionally washed. Each plant leaf is full of pores or breathing tubes, which are closed if the plant is full of dust—thus injuring vigorous growth. Fifth avenue mansions are often almost covered with wisteria, which grow to a great height and very rapidly; living out well all winter. Red brick walls, at best, are unsightly, and the timely outlay of a trifling might, in most cases, make them exceedingly attractive.

To acquire experience, we ourselves must smart.—*Sheridan.*

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

AMONG American poets of promise was Forceythe Willson. Born in Indiana in 1837, he died in 1867. He, too, was a psychometrist. He would take a letter, and, pressing it to his forehead, announce accurately the character and personal appearance of the writer. He, too, like Oberlin, professed to have interviews with his departed wife. There is a remarkable poem from his pen, entitled "The Voice," which seems to have reference to the fact. We quote the following passage:

"My soul in ecstasy was stirred;
It was a Voice that I had heard
A thousand blissful times before,
But deemed that I should hear no more
Till I should have a Spirit's ear
And breathe another atmosphere."

Where art thou, blessed Spirit, where,
Whose voice is dew upon the air?
I looked around me and above,
And cried aloud, 'Where art thou, Love?
Oh, let me see thy living eye,
And clasp thy living hand, or else!
Again upon the atmosphere
The self-same words fell, 'I am here!'

'Here? Thou art here, Love?'—'I am here!'
The echo died upon my ear.
I looked around me everywhere,
But ah, there was no mortal there!
The moonlight was upon the earth,
And awe and wonder in my heart.
I saw no form!—I only felt
Heaven's peace upon me as I knelt,
And knew a soul beatified
Was at that moment at my side."

Between Willson and a neighbor a coolness had arisen. But as Willson was about to leave town, the neighbor met him at the cars, and holding out his hand, said, "We must not part with a cloud between us." Willson grasped the proffered hand with emotion, and replied, "The good man within me told me to say to you just what you have said to me; but the devil would have conquered, I fear, if you had not spoken. We shall never meet again; for within six months I shall have joined my wife in the Land of the Hereafter."

The presentiment was accurate. Within four months he died.—From "Planchette, or the Despair of Science." Published by Roberts Brothers.

On the wild rose-tree
Many buds there be,
For each sunny hour
Hath but one perfect flower.

Thou who wouldst be wise,
Open wide thine eyes—
In each sunny hour
Pluck the one perfect flower!

—Richard Watson Gilder

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

WILLOUGHBY, Ohio, Oct. 18, 1879.

MR. DENSTONE,—I am pleased to say that the message from May Hurd, through Miss M. T. Shelbamer, in the *Voice* for Oct. 1st, is correct in every particular, and I feel thankful for it. Hope to hear from her again.

Fraternally yours,

LUREBA HURD.

We need some rules, some established convictions; some opinions held firmly, if only as provisional opinions; some practical, working belief.

[For the Voice of Angels.]
THE NEW DISPENSATION.
 SECOND SERIES.

With the question of Kate Fox, "Look here, Old Split-foot, do as I do"—slapping her fingers—and its intelligent response—rap, rap, rap—began "Modern Spiritualism." Why, Modern Spiritualism! it is as old as historic humanity! Yes, in the broad conception of it; but not in its definitions.

The phrase, *Modern Spiritualism*, is well applied. All such previous phenomena, if accounted for at all, were conceived to be from the devil or his imp, or from God or his angels. In the universal mind, the idea that these were human intelligences, through trains that once walked and talked in an earth-form, had no existence. *Modern Spiritualism* so understands it. It had never been so understood before. Keep in mind this understanding of it; and thus placing it brings it at once within the realm of science. Science is comprehending and placing things and phenomena in their proper place and order.

Intelligence in response to human intelligence must proceed from a human being, when that intelligence in its scope transcends the power of life below man.

If one sends a letter of inquiry to the Postmaster of New Orleans, not knowing who he is or his name, and gets an intelligent answer, an idea that it was answered by a dog or a hare never enters the mind; because it was never known to occur, and never could exist under the general law of corresponding relations.

An intelligent response, even by a rap, to a human mind, must of necessity proceed from a human mind. It cannot in the nature of things be otherwise. But it may come from God, an angel, or the devil. Yes; but it only proves that this God, this angel, or this devil, is simply and purely human—that's all. We shall endeavor to show, before we get through with these articles, that there is no God, angel, or devil, except of human origin. What the human race has in the past and does in the present conceive to be their God, is advanced human life-force, in Spirit-spheres, acting upon, guiding and controlling those who are still in the earth form. From supposing that these Spiritual powers were the Great Life-force and Life itself of this vast universe, came all the confusion (or most of it) that came at the outset, and does more or less now, in an intellectual interchange of thought between the earth and Spirit-spheres. Intellectual communication established, questions and answers began.

Remember, in the minds of perhaps nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand, found those who had "passed on" through death's open door—they had gone to an endless hell, direct, or to a walled city, heaven, direct; or slept the sleep of the dead in a sort of nonentity state, until some trump in the far-off future should call them to a judgment-seat, to there receive their final doom—that is, an eternal existence, either in this hell or heaven.

How, communications from departed friends—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, relations, acquaintances, and those known only by reputation—at best, the well-established and "test-proof," the inquiry was, "Are you in heaven?" "No," Astonished—"Why, that person was the best Christian I ever knew!—Not in heaven?" "No." Shuddering and trembling, the other question is asked—"Are you in hell?" "No." More astonished—"It must be a mistake. Are you really Deacon B—?" "Yes." "And not in either heaven or hell?" "No." "Well, now, can't you make me sure that you are Deacon B—?" Here follows a message, that gives the inquirers to understand about a conversation the two held together at a certain place, and on a subject no one ever knew about but these two individuals. "That is so," says the investigator; "no one ever knew anything about that but us two—that's sure." Hope is again revived; it is certainly Deacon B—. "And you are not in heaven or hell?" "No." Another thought—"Have you seen God?" "No." Astonished again, and confounded more and more; and this leads to more inquiry—"Have you seen Christ?" "No." "Well, if that don't beat all! Here is Deacon B—, dead, I'm sure of that; knew him well; attended his funeral; heard his funeral sermon preached, in which that godly and pious man, Rev. J. W.—, pronounced a sublime eulogy on the good man and his Christian devotion; and here he is reporting that he has not seen God nor Christ neither? Is he in heaven or hell?—I can't understand it!" No wonder. Previous teachings, which made the ideal fixed in the mind of the human soul, had no existence in fact. The investigator is non-plussed; is about to turn away, saying this must be from the devil—another attempt to drag humanity down to hell, by giving them false reports from the beyond. [Rap, rap, rap!] "What do you want?" "Ask more questions." "Well, what shall I ask?—Are you happy?" "Not as I expected to be." "Astonishing!—so good and pious a man

as Deacon B— not happy! Well, have you seen my brother George?" "Yes, and your uncle James Thompson, and Glaston, and a brother of yours, older than George?" "Brother older than George?—that can't be so! I never had such a brother." Confused again, premature-birth brother heard from.

The investigator goes away—a rolling-mun, confounded and confused—and for the time settles down into the belief that this must all come from the devil, or be a delusion, or be pure levity on the part of the pretended Medium. He prays more devoutly, and clings closer to his previous teachings, and really conceives that perhaps the devil is trying to get his soul and drag him down to hell.

Against such teachings, inbred and in-born, the Spirit-world began in their efforts to teach us our true relations to God and life.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

A REMARKABLE SPIRIT COMMUNICATION.

DEAR DENSMORE,—I must confess that it is with some misgivings that I have at last consented in my own mind to give publicity to the annexed fact of a Spirit-communication. But it is so remarkable that whatever may be thought of it, it may be productive of some good somewhere. It was an entirely volunteer communication to me, through my sister, Medium Mrs. Emma Carter, who wrote it under influence from time to time, as she got leisure from her usual duties. She says that the Spirit purporting to be that of Salmon P. Chase was around and about her for several days, and at last she was compelled to write.

The communication seems somewhat turgid and "biblical," but in all that swollen and bombastic method and style it seems to mean something, and is full of kernel. In reference to General Grant and the Presidency, it speaks prophetically, though in a sort of matter-of-course. *Nous verrons*, as the French have it;

Eminent Judge and Brother Townman;

"Memory, that great crucible of knowledge, will lead us back even to the month of babyhood. To take in the whole make-up of ourselves, we can never throw away from us our origin. Perfection in humanity roots us to earth. There spring our first aspirations; there lives the vitality of our souls. Other worlds may interest us, but no other world will produce those magnetic threads which spread like a woven web over the entire circle of our being. Therefore we come back and ask

the fellowship of kind-shaking, the embracing of old associations. The interest of old landmarks still lives within us, and we cling to them as something reverent—*the root of our life, our home, our household.*

"Then, respected Judge, the argument continued, and our position be defined. Our dwelling-place has been no thieving roost; no pottifogger bombast puts in a life-interest there. We commenced and continued honest. We proclaimed ourselves truegivers, and turned the course of circumstances to our own satisfaction. As we grew in knowledge, we found ourselves creators of law, which had no bearing on the God-law, unknown to us. As we clung in thought, we crossed our way into the people's hearts, and became the rock on which they rested. This was a bullet in the brain of imagination, and the work of a lion's strength to hold the weight put upon it. In this emergency, we stripped ourselves to the skin, nor rested night nor day. Showers of strength fell upon us, and we silenced discord, and made the discordant in thought harmoniously agree. Yet the quarrel still goes on, and the argument still continues.

"The weight of a Jackson's might presses upon the people, and the solid fact of a silver buck, the only method of prosperity, exists. The debt of a nation binds it to the people and gives it vitality. It makes of it the people's rights, and in time to come they alone will govern it; because they are the owners thereof.

"Grant, the next President, because the people will it, will not brighten the controversy. The whole nation will rejoice, and the firm foothold that Washington, Jackson and Lincoln made glorious will stand fast under Grant. No other man has the unbounded good will of the whole united brotherhood of these United States. His ambition is not in the glory of being President. He knows no party politics. He is simply a man of wisdom—a man iron-bound, who fears no enemy. He looks neither to the right or the left; he gives no one the preference; but keeps an eye on all, and to the life of the government. The South, which has been loud, and is just now becoming resurrec-
ed, he will slowly balance their cause, and when the weight equals that of ours, he will show them that more they so much persist in having, and which came, now being consummated by the present administration. The flag of our liberty, the eagle of our glory, the grand old goddess of liberty—our mother—watches with pride her children. She claims for every one justice and truth.

"A powerful plot has been broken up, and the scorpion to its injustice falls upon a woman. If politics put on such a shape as this, it were better abolished. And he that touches the fair form of a daughter of men does it through death's door. A spirit-father protects his child, and the gentle mother who bears her pants in imagination for the man who would show himself such a coward."

Cutting thus far in the much longer communication, and there being so much in this first part of it, notwithstanding its turgid expression, I will reserve the rest for future publication perhaps.

"The name of Salmon P. Chase is appended to the extended communication, and it was given me as being addressed to me. It is certainly very remarkable, curious and unique, and I put it down and send it in black and white for what may come of it. Yours, truly,

A. G. W. GATRIE.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 7, 1879.

AN INSPIRATIONAL MESSAGE.

TO THE REV. W. A. HARRIS, AT WOODSTOCK, CONNECTICUT.

It is good to be here, good to stretch forth the hand of fellowship, good to commune mortal with Spirit, good to commune Spirit with Spirit, with those who are still walking in the flesh, good to search the highways and byways of life to seek out truth to satisfy the souls asking.

You are met in the spirit of truth, and we come to you with gleamings from the life of Spirit, come to quicken your sensibilities, come to greet you with a newborn day-star of consciousness. The world of Spirit is all about you; you live in it, walk in its pathways unobscuredly; influences come to you as the breezes blow, not only in your exalted conceptions of divine life and beauty, but in every mood, in every aspiration of the soul.

God is in Nature, and his truth is manifest in her works; but he ye exulted unto heaven, unto righteousness, unto every good work. Humble yourselves to know truth, to receive it into your lives, and to act wisely and with good intent toward all of earth's creatures.

Thus I leave you; blessings upon you. Come ye all together in friendship's holy name, and may the spirit of love and truth be with you ever, and the benediction of the good.

I have grown patient, making not to choose
My own blind lot, but take that God shall send,
In which, if what I long for I should lose,
I know the loss will work more blessed end,
Some better fate for him and me than I
Could ever compass underneath the sky.

—*All the Year Round.*

COD. INGENIOLLE'S TRIBUTE.

(Written from *Horace's Sunday Chronicle* the following arrangement taken from a copy of Col. Ingenuol's sonnets at the funeral of his brother.)

That which the dead oft presented to world for me,
I am no longer called to do for him.

The dead
And living brother, husband, father, friend,
Did what the man of mankind, meeting men,
Did then the shadow falling toward the west
On life's fair highway he last not yet passed
The shade that marks the highest middle point,
But for a moment weary, he lay down
To rest by the way-side, and laid there
His burden resting for a pillow—
Till that dreamless sleep which leaves down
His eyelids still. And as, while in his bower—
To bower with him self enshaded with the world—
He passed to silence and pathos dual,

Perhaps it may be lost, just having realized
The happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage,
While eager, while on bleeding every cell,
To dash against the unseen rock, and hear
The billows in an instant roar above
A sudden ship. For whether in misery,
Or fearing the breakers of the farther shore,
A weak and sick at last the end of earth
And every life—no matter though corrupt,
It every hour is laden with love,
And every moment loaded with a joy—
West-shipping down, and at the end bower—
A tragedy so sad and deep and dark
As can be woven from the warp and weft
Of mystery and death!

This strong and勇敢, this pure and tender man,
In every atom of life was sub and sublimer,
But in the sunshine he was the and flower.
He was the island of all heroic might,
He claimed unaffected reason's lofty height,
And left all superstitions far below.
While on his thoughtful forehead fell in gloom
The golden dawning of the greater day.
He loved the beautiful, and was from youth
With color, form and muscle, treated to taste,
He abhorred the suffering and weak,
And with a cordial charity gave alms,
With legal hand and with the present hand,
He faithfully discharged all public trusts.
He was a worshipper of liberty,
A friend to those down-trodden and oppressed,
A thousand times I've heard him quote these words
"For justice every place a temple meet;
For has all measure command." He believed
One human happiness the only goal,
Known the truth revealing truth,
Justice the only worship worthy man,
Humanity the only true religion,
And love the only heaven-bounding priest.
He added to the sum of human joy
When each for whom he did some loving service
To bring a simple bier-room to his grave,
He would indeed be honored, and bright
Would sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers.

It is a narrow road between the cold
And barren peaks of two elevation.
We strive in vain to keep beyond the heights;
We are about, the only answer hard
To beat the echo of our wailing cry.
The unceasing down—on land, as mourned—
Rained from their voiceless lips no word nor sign,
But in the night of death hope was a star—
And hovering here we have the outline of a wing.

He who sleeps here, mistaking the approach
Of painless death for sweet return of health,
Now whispered, dying, "I am better now."
Let us believe, in spite of doubts and fears—
In spite of fears and fears—that these dear words
Are true for him—for all the countenanced.

And now to you, dear friends, who have been called,
Please among the many islands he brent,
To do the last and office for the dead,
To you do we entrust his sweet dust.

None can hold our love. There was, there is,
No gentler, stronger, nobler, manlier man.

The earth hath kindred,
The sea, the starry realms,
Earth, air and sky, and that above—
But ah, not human kind.
—*Matthew Arnold.*

—
Leaves are the silent messengers of God—W.
A. Alger.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

FAIR VIEW HOUSE, NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

S. H. L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor in Chief.

D. K. MINER, Business Manager.

D. C. DENSMORE, Amateurs and Publisher.

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., NOV. 1, 1879.

EDITORIAL

WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

We do not propose to go into exhaustive details of the subject heading this article, as that would take more space than we can spare; but we thought a few words upon the subject might not be uninteresting to the general reader. The question of woman suffrage is one that is constantly recurring to the thinking mind, one that cannot be dismissed by a turn of thought, a wink, or the wave of a hand. Founded as this question is upon the platform of eternal justice, it demands a recognition of its claims and an answer to its plea; and all who love justice and scorn tyranny and oppression cannot fail in their inmost souls to concede the right of the elective franchise to woman.

Let us look at the facts of the case as they present themselves before us. In the first place, let us ask, What man in this country does not love and cherish the privileges secured to him through the exercise of the ballot? Where is the man who would not rebel at an attempt to deprive him of them? These privileges are of paramount value to him, because they constitute his right of citizenship, his power to use his voice in selecting a proper government for his country, the right to make laws which shall result directly to his own benefit, the protection of his property and the welfare of his family. Also, the power to raise his voice effectually in opposition to unjust and unworthy laws, until they become repealed or remain a dead letter on the statute books. Again, we ask, Where is the man who does not value these rights and privileges secured to him because he happens to have been born of the masculine gender, and not because of any peculiar inherent merit attached to himself? Further: Who does not know that taxation without representation is both unjust, and to all intents and purposes illegal, according to the proper definition of citizenship? The merest school-boy in this country knows very well that this country rebelled in 1776 against Great Britain, and made a desperate but successful stand for independence and liberty, for no other mortal reason than that she was unjustly taxed and denied the right of a voice in the selection of her rulers. That America stands as it does today a free republic, is simply

because she was forced to pay taxes without the right and privileges of representation, which the men (and women too) of their adopted country knew was an outrage upon justice and fair-dealing, perpetrated against them by the mother country. And in this enlightened land, every land-holder wearing the garb of the masculine sex, every owner of personal property who pays his taxes and belongs to the male part of creation, aye, every male over the age of twenty-one years, whether he has property or not, who proves his ability to read the Constitution and write, who can demonstrate that he is an American citizen, and pays his paltry poll tax, exercises the right of franchise, and throws his ballot, whether for weal or woe to the country, who can tell?

Now let us look at the opposite side of the picture and see what that reveals. Remember that the American republic was founded upon the intelligence of the people composing it. It claims to be a free country, where every citizen has an equal right in justice, liberty and equality before the law. What do we find? Statistics reveal the fact that within the limits of this great country, highly educated, intelligent women are taxed annually for many millions of dollars worth of property, the revenue of which in the shape of taxes flowing into the government coffers helps materially to sustain our commonwealths and nation, and although the owners of all this property are conceded to be as much citizens of the republic as one of the male portion thereof, yet not one voice of this disfranchised multitude can be heard in our legislative halls, not one ballot thrown at the polls—and although the legitimate owners of this enormous amount of property, not one of its numerous female representatives can use her influence in framing laws which shall protect her life and property. And why? Simply because she is a woman! Not because she is incompetent to understand the laws; not because she lacks intelligence or education; but because she is a woman!—and because old conservatism has said she shall submit to be ruled and governed by her lord and master, man!

Now, let us glance at the results of woman suffrage, wherever it has been allowed. They are simply this: It is admitted on all sides and from all quarters wherever woman has been admitted to the polls, that good order has universally prevailed; the elections have passed off quietly and with decorum; no stuffing of ballot-boxes was ever detected, and the elections invariably show better returns for upright and honorable men, and poorer returns for

the ambitious, corrupt office-seeker, than ever before. In Wyoming Territory, of our own fair colossal country, woman suffrage thus far works to perfection. The elections are conducted as orderly as any other public gathering. The candidates for office who are known to be immoral and corrupt are invariably defeated; the best men—those who are publicly known to possess a good influence, whose reputations for strict integrity and honor stand unblemished before the world—receive the women's vote. Furthermore, it is shown that a candidate for office, to gain his election in that territory, since women have gained the ballot, must be known for his goodness and his ability to properly execute the duties of his office.

The subject is so profound and momentous; there being so much to be said concerning the right of woman to the ballot, it can never be exhausted; and we will not attempt it. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, who but woman understands the influence of home life, the endearing ties that constitute the charm of the home circle? And would she not be likely to cast her vote for the interest of her home and the beings of her love? She, more than any man at the polls, she who is brought into contact with the opposite sex, and closely allied to father, brother, husband, son, in every relation of life, from birth to death, can safely trust herself to walk amongst the men who throng the ward-room on election-day, without receiving one stain that will mar the purity of her womanhood.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

VINELAND, N. J., Oct. 15, 1879.

DEAR BRO. DENSMORE,—I see by Tunie's message you are not well; am sorry to see this; for your work is a glorious one, and appreciated by hosts of friends on both sides of the river.

I forgot to make mention of my mother's last message, in last paper No. 19, which I recognize as true, and am very thankful to Miss Shelhamer, and to you for publishing it.

Fraternally,

R. M. ADAMS.

THE aim should be to teach us rather how to think, than what to think; rather to improve our minds, so as to make us think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.

THE life of action is nobler than the life of thought.—*Mrs. Craik.*

SPIRIT MESSAGES,
GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
OCTOBER 5TH, 1879.
THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELBURNER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, Thou Infinite One who fillest immensity with thy presence! Thou art the Unknown and the Unknowable to man, because of thy Infinitude, but we thank Thee tonight that Thou hast so far revealed thyself to thy intelligent creatures that they can comprehend Thee as their Father and their Mother God.

We thank thee that thou hast revealed thyself as a God of love, as one worthy to receive the homage of our Spirits, and to impart to our souls the highest inspirations of Divine Truth. We thank thee that Thou hast so far explained thy purposes to us, that we can meet in loving concord with thy angel hosts, and sing our songs of gratitude and praise for the mercies of the past, the blessings of the present, and the hopes of the future!

And oh, may these songs of thanksgiving be wasted on through thy open corridors of Heaven, until every soul shall join the anthem of praise!

We thank thee, oh, Blessed Spirit of all Spirits, for the wonders of thine Infinitude; that two worlds may meet in holy communion; and we ask that these Messenger-Spirits be given still greater power to bear the light unto the dark places of earth, until every sad and sorrowing heart becomes uplifted with the knowledge that their loved ones live beyond the grave, and they shall meet them in thine own sweet home.

MINNIE MERTON.

I'se tum to tee you. I'se tum long way in fer tars. My froat is sore, awful sore. I wants to sen' my love to mamma—oh, I want to sen' it awful bad! I be Minnie Merton. [Where did you come from?] Way off in fer tars. [Yes, but what State does your mamma live in?] Kansas, To-peka. Will my froat be sore ever'n ever? [No, it will be all well now.] Is'e dot ganma wif me. She isn't ole ganma; she's young, like mamma is. Pitty lady bringed me here—pitty lady, wif long curly hair, jess like fer sunshine. Mainma is Nellie Merton. Tan I go to mamma now? [Yes, dear.] Will she know I'se tum? I wants mamma to know I'se tum to her, ever so much, I do. [I think you can make her know it now. How old were you?] I wasn't see years ole. I went to sleep in fer cole weaser, an' I je-s dot back. Dood bye. [Good bye.]

MRS. C. S. ROBERTS.

I UNDERSTAND, sir, that here Spirits can

return and send forth their message of love to their dear ones yet in mortal; and it would be a blessed privilege to me to be allowed to send out a token of remembrance to my dear husband and darling children. [You are welcome.] My name is Mrs. C. S. Roberts. I have been in Spirit-life a few weeks over two years. I left a loved and loving family, and although it was hard to part, yet it was not without hope; for I knew so well concerning the return of Spirits. And now I wish to say, that never a day passes but that I return from my peaceful Spirit-home to bear to them the watchful love of my soul. Not a change comes to them but I know it; not an event occurs in their midst but I sympathize with them; and in their coming and going, in their shadows and joys, I recognize the Divine Will, that leadeth them onward in Spirit towards the eternal home.

Whenever it is possible, I will come to them, and make my presence known. Medium powers are there, and it is the Spirit's promised work to utilize them; and with the light of untiring love, the joy of untiring devotion, I ever bring the measure of my affection.

A mother's blessing, a wife's benison, rests ever upon the dear ones, and like a ray of glory lightens up the pathway towards the Summer-land. My Spirit-home is beautiful; of its glory, mortals can only faintly conceive; they get but glimpses of what lies before in the Realm of Souls.

I was mediumistic myself, and sometimes dimly felt the beauties of Spiritual life. Far from the home of my later years, but amid the scenes and with the kindred and friends of earlier years, I passed quietly away; and to each dear friend in Maine, each loved one, I send my love and assurances that all is well with me.

I passed on at North Vassalboro, Maine. I lived in Yates, Illinois. I wish my message to go to Mr. C. L. Roberts, Yates City, Ill. I thank you.

EDWIN POULTON.

I WONDER if there is room here for me? [Yes, there is room here for everybody.] Everywhere I go, there seems to be no room for me. I thought there was none on earth, and I'd get out; but it's just jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Now, they told me to come here and tell my story, and I'd feel better. I don't want to come here; I don't want to tell my story. [Why not?] Well, in the first place, you're all strangers, and I'm not used to speaking in this way; then I don't know as its anybody's business

about my story. I didn't do as well as I ought to, and I don't know but it's the best way for everybody to do the best they know how, and keep their heads straight, which I didn't do.

I suppose I believed in some kind of a hereafter, but it's not this kind. I'm in no burning hell; but I'm rather uneasy to see some one. I hate this being alone, anyhow. [Where are you from?] Shelburne Falls, Mass. [What name?] Edwin Poulton. Oh, I've only been out a couple of weeks, and I put myself out. But I'm no better off; only some may be better off here without me.

I was a manufacturer at Shelburne Falls.

[Here the chairman gave the Spirit some good advice, and he seemed to leave in a better frame of mind.]

MRS. SOPHIA JOHNSTON.

I WAS brought here by a young lady from our place. I should like very much to send a few words to my daughter Dora. I would like to tell her I am happy now, with all our dear ones who went before me; I am not troubled with failing health and powers; all is calm and serene, and the sunshine in the Spirit-life is the wine of life that gives me health and strength. I come back often to help her, and to do her good. Her path is none of the easiest, but it's a good one; and she is blessed in her home and in her work by Angel-comforters.

I can't say much this time; but I bring my love. I am Sophia Johnston. I wish this to go to Mrs. Dora Ham, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

JENNIE SPRAGUE.

I PRESUME I may send a letter to my mother? [Yes, indeed.] I don't know as I ought to take the room of some one else; but poor dear mother is sick, and I feel I must come. I am Jennie Sprague. Darling mother, we have all gathered round you to minister to you strength and encouragement in your trying hour. I try to banish the clouds that will arise before you, for it is essential that your mind becomes clear and unruffled, in order to bring you perfect health. Don't you know how we love you, how we bless you every day? —how we are all guiding you home to the perfect rest that one day will be yours? And oh, darling mother, your little Jennie is with you every hour to soothe your pain and bring you strength—your little Jennie, who through all the years of her Spiritual life has grown by your side in the full sunlight of your mother love. Aunties send you such great love. They, too, are with you. Aunt Hattie says,

"Dear Maria, fear not; we are guiding you through this trial; with care you will regain vigor." Aunt Katie says, "Give you her blessing, which is always with you;" and my dear darling grandpa tells me not to forget to say he is at hand, and is doing more for you than you think. He is taking away the pain, and going to make you strong. Good bye, darling mother. I shall be with you in two minutes.

MESSAGES GIVEN OCTOBER 12TH, 1879.

LUCIE A. TENNEY.

I did not know I could come in this way, when I died. I did not know heaven was like a beautiful garden, where souls grew strong and happy, and where every one looked beautiful, because they delighted to do good. I did not know that those who were wicked here are helped and encouraged by good angels, and so some time find the better way. I did not know I could come close to my mother, and see her sadness and her pain; and oh, when I witness the falling tear, when I notice the silent burden at the heart, I long to whisper, "Dear mother, do not grieve; I am happy; I am ever with you; you know I am better off now; you know I suffered; all is past; I am close by your side, with those who loved you in days gone by, and we bring you comfort and peace. Only go where we can come to you; find some Medium where I may talk alone with you, and I will convince you and father that I can return and bring you news of my heavenly home. I have only been dead five months. I passed away on the Sabbath, early in Spring; and now, on another Sabbath in Autumn, I return to tell each one of my life in another world.

I was eighteen years old. My name is Lucie A. Tenney. I would like you to send this to my father, Daniel B. Tenney, East Somerville, Mass.

HENRY METCALF.

I COME, sir, to despatch a short message to New Orleans. I am from that city. I have been what the world calls dead nearly ten years. Some changes have taken place within that time, that render it imperative for me to be heard. I want my brother John to look after those papers that he thought I lost. I did not lose them. My old lawyer knew very well where they were. He is dead now, but his son can tell John all he wants to know, and the affair can be settled this year. Now, if J. wants to know anything further, I will come here and give it.

HENRY METCALF, forty years old. [I am glad you come so well.] Where

did you get all those beautiful flowers I see around you? [I can hardly call them mine, sir; they belong to the beautiful angels who are around me.]

AGNES PECK.

THE flowers you saw belong to me; I bring them for my mother—the roses of immortal love, blushing with the red hue of undying affection; the lilies of peace, pure and spotless, a blessing of rest in every snowy chalice; the daisies of truth, which blossom along the wayside of heavenly life, and which I bear to my mother's heart; and the beautiful blue forget-me-nots; these I bring that she may know I am ever with her.

I have come in mortal guise, and demonstrated the power of Spirit to manifest; I have brought lilies and ferns to deck my parents; I bring them always love. Oh, mother, are you not now rejoiced that your little Aggie was called home to the angels? Do you not feel the blessed influence of Spirit-presence all along your daily path, and know that when the white, still form of your darling was laid to rest, a golden link was forged connecting you forever with the heavenly world?

Oh, dear father, do you not know that through all the past and all the coming years your Spirit-daughter is by your side, watching and guiding you ever?

I am attracted here by Mr. Hazard's daughters; they told me I could come.

My name is Agnes Peck. My father is Mr. John M. Peck, of Portland, Maine.

L. R. CARVER.

DRIFTING here from the West, sir, I would like to send forth a beacon-light towards Ohio. My words are few, but I send a blessing with them. For the one so dear to the Spirit-world—she who lives in company with angels—there is nothing but Spirit-love and Spirit-blessing. Past days have been dark, have been troublesome; but through them all, Spirit-hands were leading onward. The future will be full of peace and blessedness, and we rejoice at the good that is to come to her and hers.

L. R. CARVER.

REV. JON C. TYLER.

BLESSED are the dead who die in the Lord! More blessed are they who through death find life eternal! Thrice blessed are the dead who find life to be one continuous whole, and the chain of existence unbroken!

I speak the word as I felt it to be right; I did not know of this higher truth, this diviner life; for I feel that the going forth of God's messengers with tidings of eternal life is far more glorious than the eternal praises and hallelujahs.

I have only been out of the body a few months—I hardly know, perhaps I should say, a few weeks; but long enough to see that my old ideas were partially wrong, that life is grander than I dreamed; and I return to speak a word to my people, that they may know I live with new power, to preach a higher gospel of truth to mankind.

As I watched these beautiful angels hastening back to send out the light of love to father and to mother, I am overwhelmed with a sense of God's infinite goodness, and I bow my head in humiliation that I should ever have dared to think him a God of wrath. Blessed be his holy name! We praise Thee, oh, Father, for life, and for that deathless love that knows no change.

I was over ninety years in the body.

REV. JON C. TYLER, of Canaan, New Hampshire.

[Selected.]

THE TWO ANGELS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses hoarred with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect was the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed:
"Be not so loud, my heart, lest I betray
The place where my beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells,
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And knowing whatso'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pav'd descending, and with voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features pale and thin;
And softly from that hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo, he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without his love they pass no threshold o'er;
Who then would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

The heroic soul does not sell its justice and its nobleness. It does not ask to dine nicely and to sleep warm. The essence of greatness is the perception that virtue is enough—Emerson.

[For the "Voice of Angels."]

THE LAW OF SPIRIT-INTERCOURSE.

H. R. STICKNEY, MEDIUM.

The law of Spirit-communion opens to our life so much of compensation for the death of our hopes, that we hold to it with a tightened grasp whenever a cloud appears upon the horizon of daily existence. It quickens our sympathies for all human life, for it opens to us the influences which approach all, and make their subjects more or less of the wills and desires of a mixed human existence, as the life of Spirit sheds upon the home life of earth its necessities, and demands its activities to meet them. The more we come to know of this law as an expositor of human life—that it is as much a necessity for Spirits to question us of earth, as we them of the celestial life—a simple human correspondence is established, which makes us see it to be legitimate to ask all forms of questions of such sources as are open to us; that thereby the life which was unfinished in the earthly can go on with its plans, its aspirations, may build its machineries, unfold its visions, sing its songs, write its wills and conceptions, do its works of benevolence, and lay out its plans of earthly explorations, as well as heavenly; come by action to study the life of earth, as well as of the spheres; that a similar unfolding goes on in the celestial life as in the earth life.

That which is termed a Spiritual existence is but the action of the mental life, conjoined to a life of feeling, such as we know here on earth; that we are yet bound to the laws of earth's unfoldment, changing the condition by death, with no certainties of fact about earth, heaven, or the firmaments; we see a co-operation to be the law established in the nature of man and earth, whereby knowledge is obtained mutually by man and man, as the law of Spirit-intercourse inter-relates them.

The harmony which flows into the soul, which brings the peaceful qualities of rest and content for their uses, is but the action of more extended vision, the action of the soul's comprehension of its destiny and its agencies. The young hopes of life, in youth's spring-time, are the buds of promise; they wither for future revivals, for summer-time blossoming, for later fruitage.

Earth, as we here see and know it, may give no harvests; but the law of compensation, of growth, of unfoldment, makes our hope but the speech of the soul for growing, expanding, forming, working life. Therefore, Spirit-life in the celestial

world gives the law of association, of mutual dependence, gives time, place, ways and means for the continuance of earth's conceptions; and we go marching on with the life which surrounds us, to do a work of fulfillment of law; no rest save only as change is rest, and accomplishment is content.

Lesser designs accomplished, prepare the way for more complicated ones; and thus the more perfected life rises out from the simple, a thing of power and glory. Nature's harmony understood is the design found in her completed and inter-relating life, which is nowhere more traceable than by the law of Spirit-intercourse; for by it, uncompleted earth-life in child and man, idiot and sage, we see the means of nature to carry on her purpose in the ways she announces by fact of her intention. This law has revealed to us the continued existence of each—the embryo or germ of humanity, formless, to be unfolded by the law of continuity, and the sage who hath cherished his years, but yet is but a germ of life where knowledge is concerned, are both revealed as conscious individualities, marching on to question earth again and still again through the human; and as we come more fully to know it, our future is revealed thus to us. The mountain heights are for us all to climb, the weak and strong alike; the valleys to pass through, and the dark places of uncertainties, where the shadows of truth oppress us, and we cry for more light or more strength; clasping hands, we eagerly grasp, and are glad of earthly faces from the clouds, instead of strange angel ones.

We are all glad of new discoveries; new fields of thought explored bring their results into the daily life for domestic use, are home harmonizers. But the discovery of this law of the soul, its use more clearly defined day by day, in all the ways of life, is a sweetener of existence yet but little understood, but to be appropriated as the years go by, and clairvoyance becomes the property in culture of the mass of human life.

Our children, educated by daily experience, which is the fruit born from the facts of our experience, and held from the teaching of theological superstitions as to death, the grave, and Bible authority, may come to own a normal knowledge of the law of Spirit-intercourse, which reveals to them another life; may bring to the coming nations an inheritance of spiritual power not now even dreamed of, not to be thought of;—for none are yet ready to listen.

Silently the forces of life work out the

law of coming growths, and we above or below look on to see our hopes' fulfillments, when we had forgotten their graves almost. Come, let us all live the law of beauty and use; take counsel of the celestial life, and be glorified thereby. We surely have need, in the dull gray dress of toil and care, which we must wear in the life of earth.

INSPIRATIONAL.

THROUGH MRS. J. T. BURTON, NEW YORK CITY.

THE parent birds will linger near to their young. Love is the moving spring to all sentient life. I illustrate this principle by my advent tonight. It is love which propels me to you.

I am situated in a sphere adjacent to the seventh, and am in purple colors, which to your comprehension is the condition which high rank imposes. I am a leader of men and women, who congregate in temples, formed of high and sensitive principles. The rafters of this temple are pure morals, the windows are intellectual clearness, the doors frankness and candor, the aisles the paths to the Divine radiance, and the platform is progression.

I indoctrinate new forms but lately come in the faith of individual sovereignty and the actual work of self-perfection. I go from one zone to another, and pass outposts where Spirit-forms freshly emancipated from the bondage of their carnal estate may be gathered and examined. If they, according to their own judgment, are found fit for our section, they come forward, and I or others baptize them with fire: which means that I indoctrinate them into the mysterious source of the Divinity. They are afterwards clothed in purple, and have a radius of light about them, by which all others apart can distinguish them.

I have my fitness, and beautiful is she, and satisfied, and she requires no other essence to glorify her affectional prerogative. She came here first thirty-six hours after my Spirit left its clay tenement. I wandered around the old promises and seemed lost. Forms in yellow then came and lifted me afar, through darkness and strangeness, and at last stood me on an eminence, and one as bright as light of day, called Ossier, breathed upon me, saying, "Hail, brother! welcome to the new estate!" and then I knew I had passed from mortality to immortality, and I became extremely pleased, and felt into the pores of my skin sun-gladness. I spoke, and was surprised, for my voice sounded like strains of accidental music, and I thought of pearls running over light-stretched silver wire.

[For the Voice of Angels.]
OUR CHILDREN.

AMID the noise of political struggles and the great confusion of religious excitements, it is well for some of us to examine carefully the evidence upon which our future success as a nation depends. Are we now trusting too much to the future? Do we place too much confidence in our statesmen and religious teachers, who may or may not at all times act in accordance with the divine revelations of intellect and judgment?

The American people are not noted for unbounded credulity. They can think and reason for themselves. Knowledge has cast a bright shadow over every threshold in the land, and in every home can be found men who reason from personal observation and judge from honest principles. We have men and women who feel in their souls the awe of God, when they look forward to the future. There is forced upon them the conviction that the time has arrived when every man and woman in the nation should act as moral and responsible beings. The power within rises up like a heavenly monitor, asking every living soul to stretch forth helping hands towards the future. Let the fathers become examples for their sons, and the mothers for their daughters; and our future lawmakers will be distinguished not only for their political wisdom and talents, but will throw a moral and religious restraint about their lives, forcing them to sentiments of duty. And when they are called into active life, they will be ready and willing for their God-appointed work.

After the storms of political strife, it is cheering to behold a "bow of promise." America may see her beautiful rainbow in the bright young faces of her children. Oh, how my heart glows, when I think of our future as a nation and our future as a church! Religion is the most powerful agency on which we are to depend for the creation and the cultivation of the great conservative principles of duty in the teeming millions of our future populations.

Let our ministers preach and pray more earnestly; let our Christian parents sow the seeds of early piety more plentifully in the hearts of their children; and the great work will go on in a rapidly progressive manner. Religion is indeed the indispensable and potent instrumentality by which the pulpits and educational appliances of the future are to be rendered sufficient to accomplish their great and glorious work. Religion is the only power through which our body politic can be purified from the evils engendered by the godless ambition of our public men and law-makers.

OBITUARY.

DIRD of consumption, at Hotel Middlesex, Boston, on the morning of Sept. 25th, Mr. PHILANDER SHAW, aged 61 years.

We were well acquainted with Mr. Shaw for many years, and a more noble specimen of a man, in the truest sense of the term, we never met. Mr. Shaw had been a consistent Spiritualist for thirty years. He possessed a genial, happy temperament, and was highly respected by all who knew him.

Pub. *Voice of Angels.*

CORRECTION.—In our last issue a communication was given in the name of Wm. F. Gary. It should have been Wm. F. Gury.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

Abigail Davis; Samuel Upham; Mrs. L. P. Smith; Luella Whiting; White Panther.

THROUGH DR. O.

Robert Hare.

THROUGH "WEST INGLE."

Polly Bettis; Caleb Hutchins; Polly Winchell.

"TUNIE" FUND.

We have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able, to contribute to a fund for sending the *Voice of Angels* free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tunie" Fund:

From Spirit Dr. W. H. Garth, Laredo, Tex.,	\$10.00
Mrs. Sara M. Chilson, Pokegon, Mich.,	0.20
C. Thompson, St. Albans, Vt.,	0.04
L. L. Farnsworth, Detroit, Mich.,	0.80
Sarah Kenyon Lusk, Peoria, Ill.,	0.38
Orson Brooks, Denver, Col.,	0.50
Mrs. E. Kalbaugh, Golden, Col.,	0.80
D. L. Palmer, Malden, Mass.,	0.38

Send age, sex, if married or single, with 25 cents postage to Mrs. A. B. F. ROBERTS, of Canfield, N. H., and receive a Spirit-communication, or questions answered on business, development and future prospects. (The person's own handwriting is required.)

NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I hereby appoint Mr. A. LIEBERMANN, residing at 182 Second street, New Orleans, La., Sole Agent for soliciting and collecting subscriptions for the *Voice of Angels* in the above city.

D C DENSMORE.

Pub. *Voice of Angels.*

MISS M. T. SHELHAMER,

Medical Medium, 493 E. 7th St., between H and I Sts., South Boston, Mass.

Pupil of old Dr. John Warren, formerly of Boston. Prescribes for, and treats all kinds of Diseases, Lung, Liver Complaints, and all Cutaneous and Blood Diseases particularly attended to. Kidney Complaints a specialty.

Terms for Examination, Advice, and Prescription, \$1.00. Office hours, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.

Parties writing, please enclose Money Order for fee, and be particular in stating symptoms.

C. E. WINANS,

Test Clairvoyant and Business Medium.

He can diagnose disease, read the past and future by a lock of hair; also give advice in business matters. By remitting one dollar and two three-cent stamps will insure prompt attention. Direct all letters to Edinburgh, Ind.

H. A. POLLARD,

Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer,
74 CHAPMAN STREET, BOSTON.

LUTHER PAIN,

Clairvoyant & Magnetic Healer
Address—EDINBURGH, JOHNSON CO., IND.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL,
A Large Eight-Page Weekly Paper, Devoted to Spiritualism.

Established in 1865, it has overcome all opposition, and has attained a standing and circulation unprecedented in the history of liberal publications. The most profound and brilliant writers and deepest thinkers in the Spiritualistic ranks write for the *JOURNAL*. Through able correspondents it has facilities unequalled for gathering all news of interest to the cause, and careful, reliable reports of phenomena.

NEW SCALE OF PRICES.

[Strictly in advance; paper to be invariably stopped at the expiration of the time paid for.]

One copy one year, \$2.00

" " six months, 1.00

Clubs of Five, Yearly Subscribers, sent in at one time, 10.00

Clubs of Ten, Yearly Subscribers, sent in at one time, 20.00

and an extra copy to the gather-up of the Club,

Hereafter we shall make no charge to the subscriber for postage.

Rentances should be made by Money Order, Registered Letter, or Draft on New York, payable to

JNO. C. BUNDY, Editor,
MERCHANTS' BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

BANNER OF LIGHT,
THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ISSUED WEEKLY
AT NO. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

COLBY & RICH,

Publishers and Proprietors.

ISAAC B. RICH, Business Manager,
LUTHER COLBY, Editor,
JOHN W. DAY, Associate Editor,
Aided by a large corps of able writers.

The *Banner* is a first-class, eight page Family Newspaper, containing forty columns of interesting and instructive reading, embracing a Literary Department; reports of Spiritual Lectures; Original Essays, upon Spiritual, Philosophical and Scientific Subjects. Editorial Department; Spirit-Message Department. Contributions by the most talented writers in the world, etc., etc.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE.—Per Year, \$3.00; Six Months, \$1.50; Three Months, 75 cents.

5% postage fifteen cents per year, which must accompany the subscription.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Money Order on Boston, or a Draft on a Bank or Banking House in Boston or New York City, payable to the order of Colby & Rich, is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Specimen copies sent free.

Advertisements published at twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

MIND AND MATTER.

A SPIRITUALIST PAPER, PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

A SPECIAL INDEPENDENT AND LIBERAL SPIRITUAL JOURNAL.

PUBLICATION OFFICE,
Second Story No. 713 Sansom Street,
Philadelphia.

J. M. ROBERTS PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

To mail subscribers, \$2.16 per annum; \$1.08 for 6 months; 57 cents for 3 months, payable in advance.

Single copies of the paper, six cents—to be had at the principal news stands. Sample copies free.

CLUB RATES FOR ONE YEAR.

Five copies one year, free of postage \$8.00

Ten " " " " " 16.00

Twenty " " " " " 20.00

This is a splendid opportunity for News Agents in all parts of the country to realize a handsome profit, without investing their own capital.

THE SPIRITUAL RECORD.

The above paper is published weekly, at 14 Canal St., Chicago, and will contain in each issue the Magazine of Discourse of

MRS. C. L. V. RICHMOND,

Before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, the preceding Sabbath. It will also contain news of the Spiritual World of interest to all believers.

Price two dollars per year; single copies five cents.

Wholesale prices, postage prepaid—100 copies or less, \$3.00; 200 copies, or less than 500, \$2.50 per hundred; 500 copies or more, \$2.00 per hundred.

All orders should be accompanied with money order or registered letter, and addressed to

COLLINS EATON, Secy., 14 Canal St., Chicago.

MRS. LYO B. EDDY,

BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM,

606 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill.